

MASSACHUSETTS SCHOOL OF ART

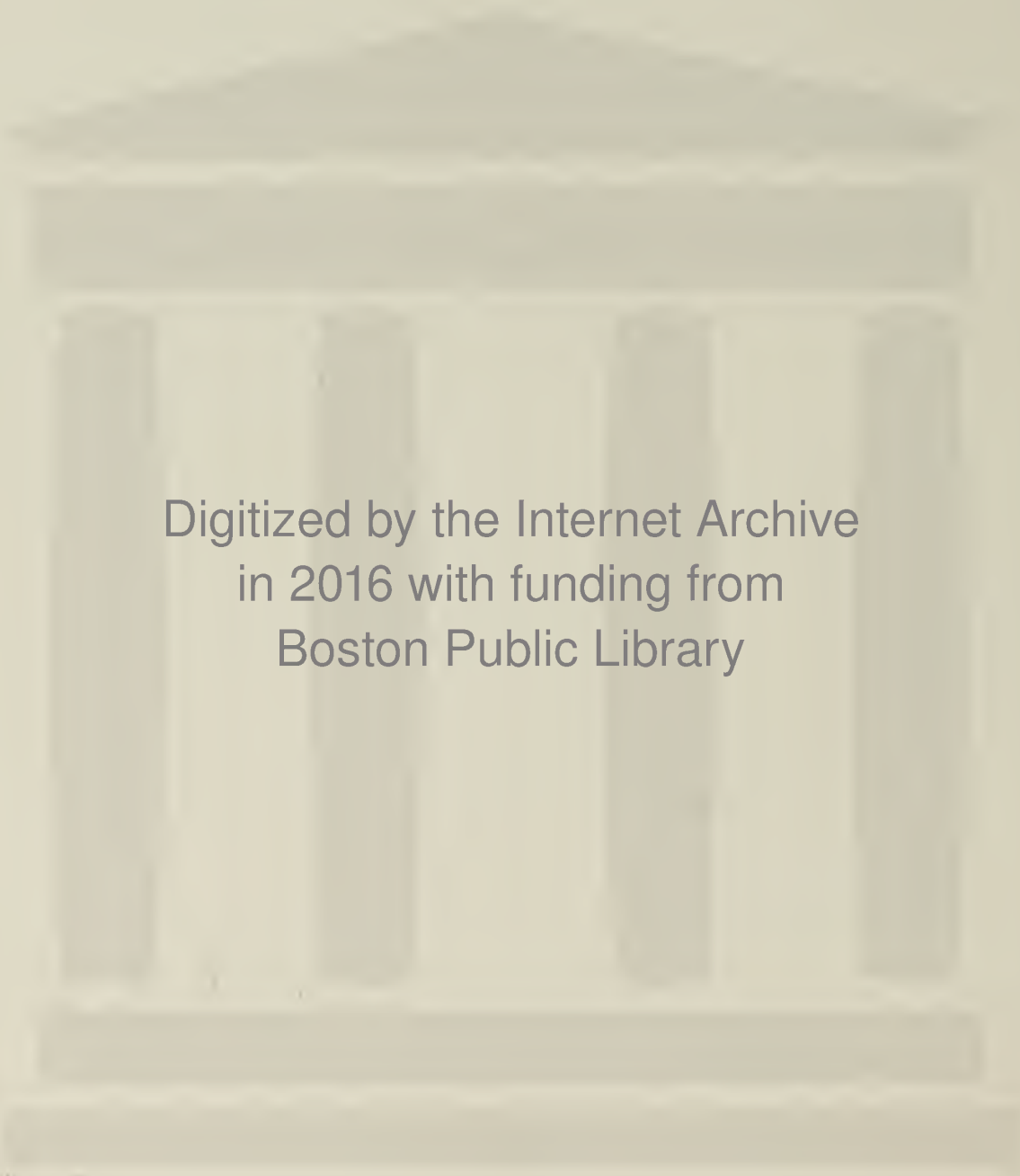
1945



STREETLIGHTS
MARCH
100th
SCHOOL

ANNUAL





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FOREWORD

Foreword

This book is for remembrance. Time alone will prove its qualities. Years from now some of you will be turning these pages, seeking to revive memories which the intervening years have somehow made more and more dear. Of course you will be wiser then but no one should try to wish that wisdom upon you now.

You are sending this book out with a flourish of trumpets—"Art World, here we come!" You are entitled to that impetuosity and confidence for you are going to need them to sustain you until experience gives you sober judgment to take their places. But this is no time for fine words and glittering promises. It is exhilarating, no doubt, to state that art is essential to the cultural advancement of the world, but right now you are faced with the necessity of making art furnish you with the essentials of living. That in itself is no small thing, nor does it mean losing sight of the goal—in fact, it helps to justify it.

Be not impatient with us, your teachers, because we seem not to have equipped you with the final word for each future situation. Remember that you never will quite succeed in cutting yourself away from this school and this faculty. Some portion of their presence goes along with you and words, situations, and demonstrations, perhaps not clearly understood as students at the time, will find a way of blossoming forth to meet the situation as it arises. You will recognize and acknowledge these fulfillments as they occur, and in later years as you wonder what power lies behind the poignancy of Art School memories and by what token the sense of nostalgia is made keen, you will realize that it is because some means of communication between the school and you was never completely severed.

Otis Philbrick



Lawrence Kripferman.

We are proud to know him. We admire his dynamic energy which makes his teaching as invigorating as his watercolors. We like his friendly attitude, the way he puts words together, books he buys for his baby, the way he walks on the curb instead of the sidewalk. Sometimes, when we consider his most casual remark we discover a most challenging idea. He objects to a low hum of conversation. We like that too. In fact, we like him.

DEDICATION

CLASS OF 1945



President.....Kay Wainright
Vice-President...Eleanor Hersey
Secretary....Mary Esther Jones
Treasurer.....Marion Johnson

We are seniors — ahead we have our future — behind four wonderful years.

The cliques formed in our freshman year have gradually dissolved and in their places an overall effect has been obtained not merely of tolerance, but of friendliness and co-operation. We have found more in education than just erudite learning. We realize now that it is important, if we are to live in a democracy as functioning parts, that we learn to live together. We have made the beginnings.

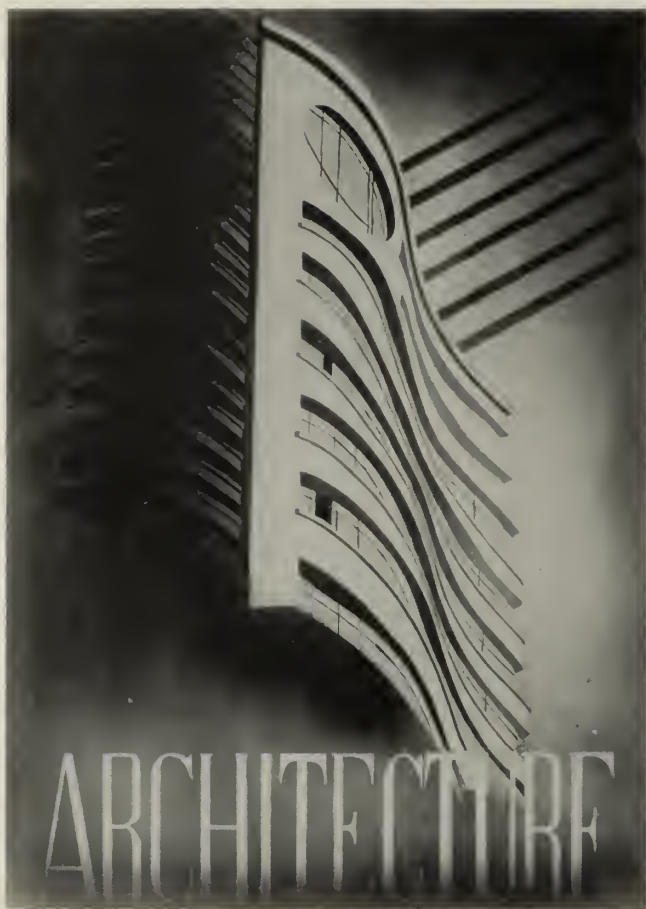


GENERAL DESIGN

DESIGN

In our portfolios of yesterday we carry brushes, ruling pens, colors in every chroma and value, type faces and working drawings of our tomorrows. Our dreams are wrapped in frisket paper, our hopes are neatly matted for approval and our memories of carefree college days will surely last forever..

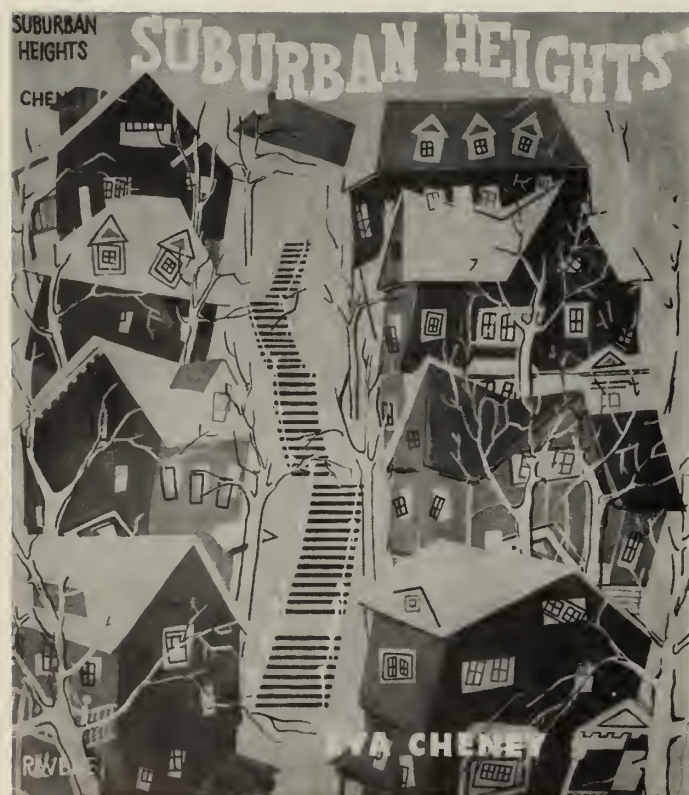




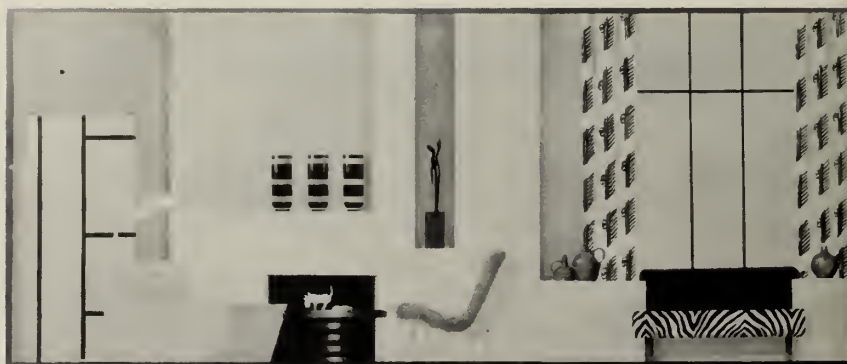
Marjorie Russel
Poster



Rosalie Ferrara
Book Jacket



Irene Garlitz
Book Jacket



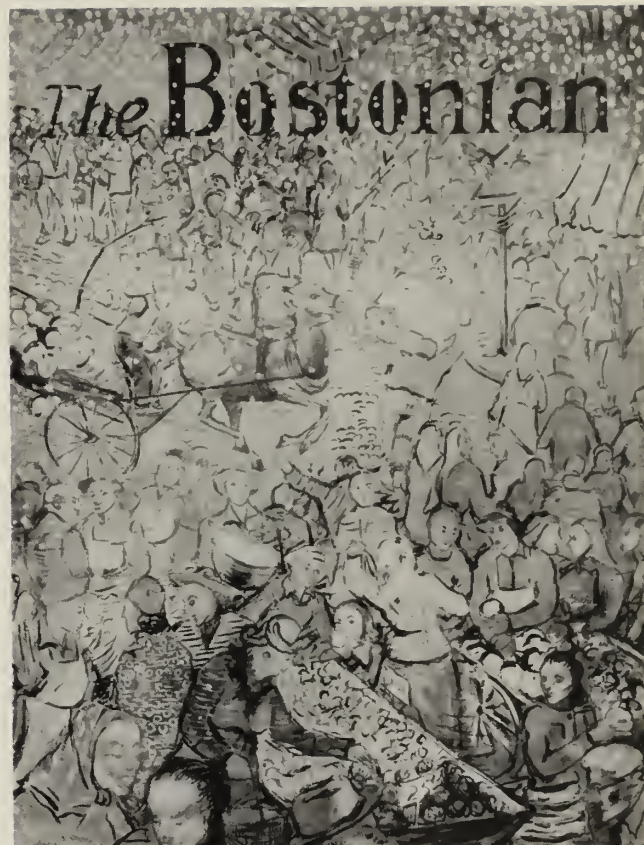
Lena Geiser
Interior Decoration



Irene Garlitz
Watercolor



Lena Geiser
Silk Screen



Vienna Gentili
Magazine Cover



Rosalie Ferrara
Watercolor



Helen Doris Asnin

Literary critic and jazz enthusiast — result — that terrific essay.



Betty Hebard

Booming voice, connoisseur of the navy blue and their rollicking gait — destination — school store.



Rosalie A. Ferrara

Favorite subjects for models — the twins — favorite food for thought — travel and the theatre.



Marjorie A. Russell

Quiet manners amid sweaters and skirts and distinguishing bangs. She's a life saver.



Lena Guser

**Big hearted and dependable
toujours gai there's
room for one more kitten,
ma.**



Jeanne Maccabe

**Jeannie Mac — whispery
voice and dreamy eyes en-
circled by black head bands
— famous team of Judy and
Jeanne.**

Gene Thurman

**Gene-Ideas in Children's il-
lustration as plentiful as cig-
arettes for outstretched
hands.**





Judith Howard

Jet hair — Pastel girl —
slow drawl from the south-
ern pat of Wellesley?



Kathleen Hainwright

She presides over our class
with facile manner and mo-
bile face — caricaturist su-
preme.



Irene Garlitz

Irene — Keen witted, de-
voted to her ideals and her
work with ever ready eye
for what's new.

Veinza Gentile

Vibrant colors belie an ivory towered personality enveloped in mystical scent.



Carolyn Ambuter

Chic drapes — primitive designs — our one married member.



Dorothy M. Bailey

Young ideas emanating from the ancient homestead in Reading.

INTROVERT

With searching eyes
And muddled thoughts,
Neath clouded skies,
Forbidden courts,
I wander.

The world abstract,
And wind like ice,
One swift impact,
'Like luck of dice,
I stumble.

This place is bare,
I am not here,
For two must share
This haunting fear,
I venture.

There is a light,
Which follows hope,
A mental flight,
A binding rope,
I slumber.

I am not free
From sinking heart.
There's small degree
Of sleep or art,
I waver.

But faith if kept
Will always win,
So then I slept
Dismissing sin
I conquer!

Now once awake,
I am restored
Without mistake
I've tied the cord
I love him.



MOMENTS

A tree, a place,
A sound, a face,
A smile, a word,
A song, a bird,
A scent, a time,
A hope, a rhyme,
A love, a faith.

Eleanor Weeks

Eleanor Weeks.

MELANCHOLY EXQUISITE

A chute the chutes

A dizzy hope

A hill to climb

The whirling throng

That whizzes by

Stares back to say

You'll only die

And death's the end they say

Yet hearts still thirst

And hope to find

A blending song

A place to lie

A warmth of life

That will not pass

And hoping, die

And this they answer:

The sun bakes all the earth around

The heart is not the place I held you

And this is now the only sound

The only sound.

Helen Donis Asnin





Dedicated to
Gallery Greenhorn

A rare intoxicating view

Of something new

To you

And a few

Perhaps . . .

Who have sought

To see

A thought

Or reason out

Just what

It's all about . . .

Beverly Hallam

Muddy Meanderings

**The pounding life beneath my feet,
The sodden sound,
The dull-edged tread;
Sinks through my heart with burbling beat.**

This sluggish shell awakes.

**The sun's eye
Winks on walls, the desolate beauty
Of populaced streets.
I am consumed.
A cataleptic aura
Of sound, smell, and sight,
The footed print.**

SMOKE GETS IN YOUR EYES

These two thin blue lines twist and move as if they know they are beautiful — and the thin wavering yellow at the other end — that's the nicotine I suppose. Well what of it — a lot of people are great in spite of all the nicotine they consume — it's what they believe in and love that matters. These things that I believe in and love so! Why can't I say "Look everybody! Can't you see how important this green gold is and the sun on this clean hair and these bricks and this straw and this smooth, smooth wood." Why can't I be beautiful just because I want so to be. Why isn't it better that someone else who isn't me, is, and I can have the awful joy of looking at them. But I don't have to look to feel it, I don't have to see and hold the smooth or the earthy things. I just have to know about them and love them and the feeling is here, like walking upside down in a yellow light that is a blue haze too — like having too much something I haven't at all : : : It's going — I can get it back — maybe — if I think what it was that made it come — I think I was watching the smoke



activities

For some the past year may bring memories of lost paint brushes, misplaced matboards, or frenzied searchings for a big portfolio, but also fond recollections of social functions in which we all participated, in one way or another.

The first thing on the program was Mass. Art's way of getting the new members of the school off to a flying start — known to the more dignified as Freshman Week. A blissful week for the upper classes — many favors bestowed on them by Freshmen — with the proper respect, of course, if only after a little prodding. As a final touch to the Week, the Freshmen gave us a hilarious time as they paraded around in their "Gay Nineties" get-ups. These "Get-ups", ("costumes" is definitely not the right word) caught — and held — every eye in the cafeteria, especially the young ladies' bustles and the young gentlemen's handle-bar moustaches, which were works of art. They showed themselves to be intelligent as well as stylish in the combination Quiz Program and Drawing Class which followed, not to mention their musical abilities, revealed in the form of a Barber Shop quartet. They should be justly proud.

The approach of the next activity was gradual. For days we had been eating our lunches amid large and flagrantly-hued pieces of colored paper. For a while hunger overcame curiosity, but as time went on and we became aware of the fact that our cafeteria was becoming populated with large pink horses, mammoth purple cows and many chickens, we began to



ask timid questions. The answer was ridiculously simple — decorations for the approaching "Hoe-Down". This barn dance was the real thing — square dances with a professional prompter, hay, cider and doughnuts, an even a photograph in the next day's paper.

The traditional ceremony of Smock Day, and the Freshmen really became a part of the student body, despite being marked for weeks afterward by those bright green smocks. We remember President Philbrick's inspiring talk on that occasion.

The motif of our Christmas Party was Old Boston, dear to art students. This theme was carried out in the place-cards and in the big-three dimensional cut-paper murals in the cafeteria and in the foyer where the dance was held. One of these murals showing the market district of Boston made its appearance at the Museum of Fine Arts, during the Boston Builds show.

Those students whose commuting schedule permitted enjoyed something new this year — visiting with Miss Munsterberg after school or a Wednesday afternoon.

And to carry on other traditions of the past, we have the Spring Formal — a night at Pops — the Mother and Daughter Tea —

Thus, when we remove our noses from a Psychology book and our fingers from a jar of paint, we manage to have our lighter extra-curricular activities.

Roberta Whipple



To all who in some way aided in the saving of our shool we are deeply grateful. We owe much to Mr. Palmstrom who left his position as president to become a more powerful determiner in the outcome. Our faculty, alumni, and friends in the outside fields worked hard and showed themselves to be true believers in the philosophy of our school. The student body in its unified approach to the problem showed a spirit of loyalty hitherto untried. It was as if a bomb had exploded their retreat. They realized just how much they had taken for granted. It was the feeling too — not the "rah-rah Alma Mater" kind but a more elusive hardly discernible joy and pride in the school, the life and the people who worked and lived within.

The long line of Mass. Art Commuters waiting at Kenmore — a part of the moving pulsing crowd bearing down upon each bus as it swerves to a stop. The gay laughter as clumsy portfolios and drawing boards are lifted into place. The small groups huddled over coffee cups in the lunchroom eagerly discussing school topics developing into ever widening concentric circles of thought as V-Day and plans for world peace are discussed. We believe differently—we are of different races but this is not a problem, for we have learned to respect and value the thoughts of others.

May these ideas of future students be free to develop and through guidance reach the fullness of maturity — that is our hope.





Music today — ah, Ravel's Bolero — "Did you see the notice?" — a cleverly done impression — a fiery dancing figure wound round with gay colored papers. It is Monday, perhaps Wednesday—Roger is unpacking the disks, polishing them in preparation. The needle hits the disk, is silent for what seems eternity, then sound.

It climbs thru the thin air spiraling up and up until it crescendos against the height of the lunchroom. It circles about capturing the occupants then weaving down again through stairways, railings and corridors into the dimly lit auditorium. The music emanating from the vic is now powerful, throbbing, now light and capricious, now tripping with feverish haste, now cautious in tempo.

No one stirs — it lifts them through the ceiling and beyond. The warning bell shatters the air. The music is once more wrapped in folders and dreams put away for another day.

TEACHER TRAINING

TRAINING

We have lived as a family of seventeen cheerfully respecting each other's opinions, always looking to one another for criticism and encouragement. We are indebted to our teachers. T h r o u g h their thoughts our thoughts were born and our philosophies have developed. We shall hope to inspire others as they have inspired us.





Eleanor Hersey
Watercolor



Evelyn Nelson
Watercolor



Eleanor Smith
Silk Screen



Roberta Whipple
Watercolor



Evelyn Nelson
Watercolor



Mariwood MacLucas
Watercolor



Eleanor Smith
Drawing



Rigmor Erikson
Watercolor



Roberta Whipple

Robie: A fine character we might say — with an equally fine sense of humor.



Ima Cassi

She moves in dark mysterious ways but we love her and her "Tigress" perfume.

Mary Sumner

Much radiance of expression — did you say there was a man shortage?





Evelyn Nelson

Ingrid Bergman at the M.S.A. starred with Charles Boyer — "Where is Boyer," you ask?

Eleanor Hersey

A busy personality with a kitten-face—this the "Herse" — off to the morgue.



Marion S Johnson

"Jonnie" . . . You know the song but it doesn't describe the eyelashes.



Jane T. Biggart



**Not Mrs. Anthony . . . more
successful solutions . . . "any
problems, girls?"**

Joan Bousley

**The face in the weaving
room door — ah, and the
turquoise stockings.**



Barbara P. Sayce

**"Weaving," she says with
a gleam in her eye — watch
out she's a woof.**

Mornings heralded by the
entrance of the newspaper
—We are grateful, Dot.

Dorothea S. Martin



Ragnor Eukson

Restless curiosity encased
in a tantalizing personality
. . . "Sit down and I'll read
from Tagore."



Life can be beautiful — as
testified by Peg — her ready
laugh is ringing proof.

Margaret C. Wilson



Warwood MacLucas

"Woody" the orchid gal,
fabulously renowned — she
lives on devil dogs and cokes.

Beverly Hallam

"Bevelwood." How to keep
the ulma mater running
smoothly — three easy les-
sons.



Mary Esther Jones

"Let's talk about Billy shall
we — or else."





Helen Marie Olson

**Joan Davis is no equal to
our tripping "Smitty".
"Please that limpid look!"**



Eleanor Smith

**She's our modest model
and nobody can deny.**

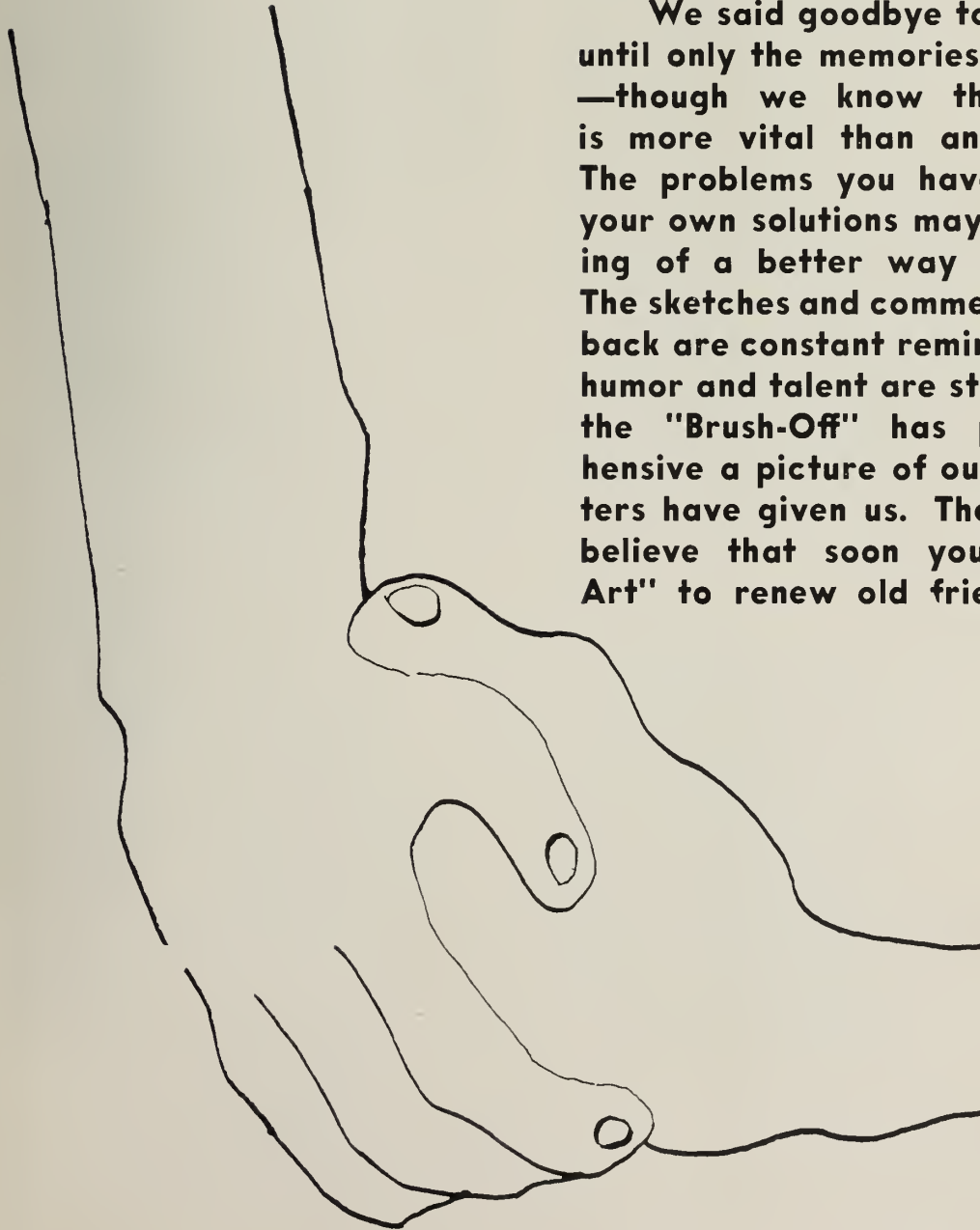


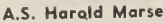
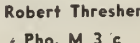
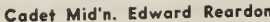
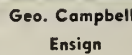
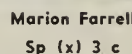
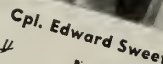
TO THE SERVICEMEN

The conclusion of the war is all-important. It is our task as well as yours to see it through. Life goes on. It will always go on — wars or not. Wars are horrible, they are not easily passed over, yet tomorrows always come. We may hope that after these years of wars we have learned to wage peace as successfully as we have waged war.

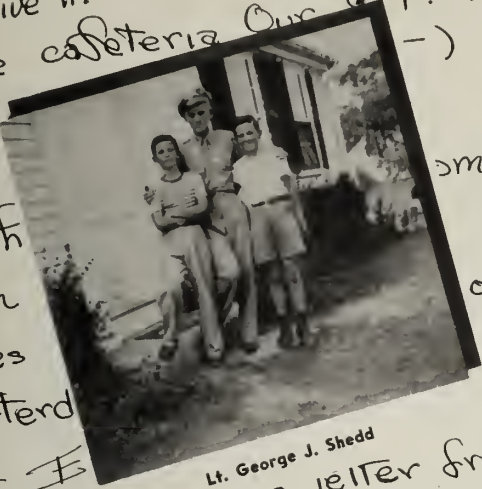
You have been an active part of this for several years now. Memories of art school have become overshadowed by grimmer routines. But at home where life runs at a more even pace, our remembrance is still clear.

We said goodbye to one, then to all of you until only the memories remain. We miss you — though we know that your present role is more vital than any other consideration. The problems you have faced and met with your own solutions may help in an understanding of a better way of life for the future. The sketches and comments which you have sent back are constant reminders that your sense of humor and talent are still intact. We hope that the "Brush-Off" has presented as comprehensive a picture of our activities as your letters have given us. These contacts lead us to believe that soon you will return to "Mass. Art" to renew old friendships.





SERVING OUR COUNTRY



Lt. George J. Shedd



Sgt. Urho Mork



Joseph MacDonald
U.S.M.C.



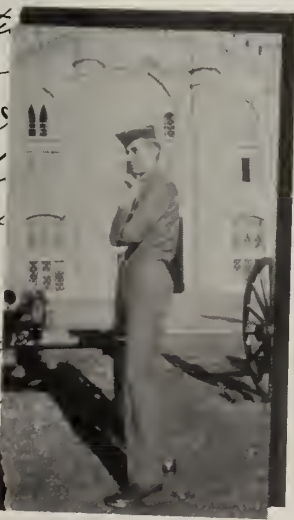
Sgt. Joseph Shaughnessy



William M. Hoyton, S 1 c



P.F.C. Ronald Davis



P.F.C. Charles Price



Lt. Richard Polson

Love to all
Creatures (again)
Richard dear
is for
membr
you

very much!

closed for the summer,

You will probably notice a
new address in May,

Sand
get her
much
l, in a
300
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to Art
country, or
schools, so
schools. They are
photo-

Before we are through
to have run seven

side
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cross-
'ours'
, and
'asn't
week
and

very happy "Keeping em Flyin"
General S

Wednesday

e live in the college w...
the cafeteria Our P.'s (id'
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yesterd
for E

I received a letter from
(Braintree) today, with a little
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Nancy McKenna
Textile Design



Elizabeth Sanborn
Drawing



Eleanor Weeks
Etching



Constance Durland
Etching



Lydia Breed
Oil



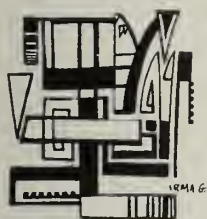
Diana Scupham
Oil

freshman class



President Joseph Thompson
 Vice-President Natalie Gallagher
 Secretary Betty Sullivan
 Treasurer Dorothy Christo





"We have been freshmen" The words seem not at all somber, nor sorrowful, nor even a little regretful. There is no reason why they should. We have placed a foot on the first rung of the ladder. We have worked, and after work we have laughed and sung and told our jokes, and sometimes behave rather foolishly, and we did not mind at all when they smiled indulgently and said, "Oh well . . . freshman!" For we must all be freshmen before we can be seniors, and we hope that after work, we shall always be able to laugh and sing, and sometimes, perhaps, behave a little foolishly, just for fun. Today we are not sad at all, but very happy, because we have been freshmen, and everything is before us.



sophomore class

President Elaine Smithers
Vice-President Sally Fairbanks
Secretary Helene Rones
Treasurer Anne Coggin

Structural Design: Quick, get your hand out of the plaster block before it hardens! . . . **Block Printing** . . . O gee, I cut the design away instead of the background! . . . **A-natomy** . . . Oh, I thought the *facia lata* was attached to the *alecranon* process! . . . **Architecture:** Just discovered I have to duck down three feet to enter my front door! . . . Oh, well! Our Sophomore year has been fun!



President.....Lydia Mongan
Vice-President....Elizabeth Sanborn
Secretary Margaret Oberti
Treasurer Rosamund Strong

At the beginning of this eventful year we chose our paths from among the three that were open to us. With no little doubt or hesitation — like groping in a grab-bag — we brought forth either art education, general design, or the revived and revised drawing and painting. Now as our third year runs out, the choice we have made begins to take shape beneath our hands. We see clearly for the first time its limitations and its potentialities. With this realization comes the resolve that our final year will see the culmination of our hopes, the fulfillment of our strivings.

junior class





OTIS PHILBRICK, Acting President

In the midst of the overwhelming problems of today Mr. Philbrick remains calm and assured, giving us strength. His words are as music and poetry, each one a message of his philosophy of life and of art. He gives to the freshmen a clarity of vision which enables them to recognize and enjoy rich experience in art and in life. He awakens and develops in all of us a sensitivity for the best in art, not only in our own work, but in the work of others.

To Mr. Philbrick we give our heartfelt thanks with that same generous sincerity that he has shown in his daily life and in his painting.

We came to know her as freshmen through her course in orientation and class in first aid. Her concern for our outcome as artists and as personalities has always been evident throughout our life at Mass. Art. Organization is her byword. Planning with precision is for her no task. She is an admirer of student work as can be seen by a glance into her office. The interest which she shows in the students, their work and their activities is watchful and appreciative.

MARY EDNA MURRAY, Dean



FACULTY



RAYMOND PORTER



DR. ANTONIUS P. SAVIDES



MR. FRANK L. ALLEN



PRISCILLA M. NYE



EMMA P. LENNON



FRANCIS L. JONES



JULIA SHEEHAN



LEO O'DONNELL



PATRICK GAVIN



THERON I. CAIN



ARTHUR CORSINI



ENID E. DARIER



FRED J. THOMPSON



EDWIN A. HOADLEY



ISABELLA T. DAMRELL



ELLA MUNSTERBERG



LOUISE MERCIER



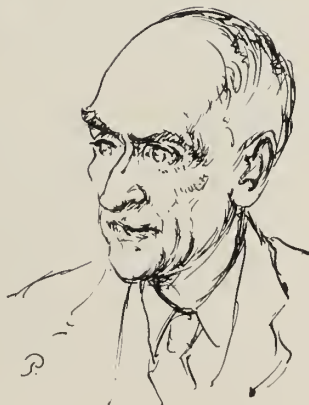
EFFIE B. WHITTET



LAWRENCE KUPFERMAN



LILLIAN A. PHILLIPS



FRANK C. BROWN



MARGARET C. WOLAHAN



The mere mechanics of good organization is not the only tool that makes for a smooth running association. It is the enthusiastic ambition, wholehearted sincerity, and cooperativeness of students, faculty and administration. We have tried to function flexibly, think outwardly and above all, satisfy the happiness of everyone — an impossible feat but a wonderful goal to attain, for the best is yet to come.

STUDENT ASSOCIATION

President — Beverly Hallam
 Vice-President — Barbara Chase
 Secretary — Marcia Jones
 Treasurer — Lydia Breed
 Chairman of Finance — Jeanne MacCabe
 Faculty Advisers
 Miss Murray Mr. Porter
 Mr. Thompson

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IN MEMORIAM

CYRUS DALLIN

He had a long life in this world and in this school. His heritage was a rich one, full of strength and growth. He took advantage of it and fashioned his life of the same fibre. His personality and teaching have left upon the school a mark — one of pride in remembrance. His greatness has not been solely within the school or even regional.

His sculpture found in many states in the Union will testify to this. The Indians which he used in his work were a reality to him. His sensitive portrayal of these people has been one of his most important gifts although by no means the only one. He has left behind memorials of lasting consequence in evidence of his fruitful and purposeful life.



PHILLIP O. PALMSTROM

IN MEMORIAM

He was a perfectionist yet he never demanded any more than he himself was prepared to give. We strived for the greatness he held out to us knowing that the highest reward we might achieve was his word of praise.

He saw the world as only a true artist can see it. He saw beauty and goodness and hope for the future. And he gave to us that hope for he was our teacher and his dreams were ours. He was our friend and he fought for us with no thought for personal welfare so that our school would stand ready forever to train aspiring artists.

Trying to express our devotion to him is surely beyond the realm of words. We can think only of the ideal he left us — that will never die. This is our legacy, truly an immortal heritage.

We will grieve not, rather find
Strength in what remains behind;
In the primal sympathy
Which having been must ever be;
In the soothing thoughts that spring
Out of human suffering;
In the faith that looks through death,
In the years that bring the philosophic mind.

Wordsworth

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

Another Year Book off the press . . . We hope it is not just another year book. An integration of all the arts should be felt in a book which we produce. We have tried to make this book worthy of an art school by making each page beautiful in itself and in relation to the whole. Yet merely in making a stunning book lack of real purpose could be found. To record present life at Mass. Art with a thought for what lies ahead — that is our aim.

Beginnings are always hard. Mr. Palmstrom gave us a working foundation which has stood by us throughout the yearbook's progress. President Philbrick, in spite of his heavy schedule, gave generously of his time and understanding. Miss Sheehan, Mr. Thompson, and Mr. O'Donnell with their timely suggestions were particularly helpful. The students, too, evidenced the spirit of their school in their fine cooperation.

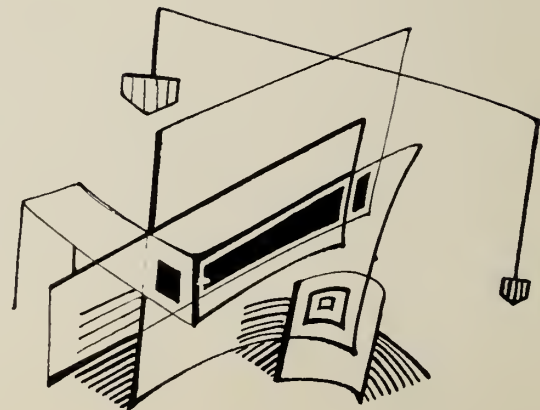
The year book staff has moved to the completion of its task with unwavering faith in the book to be.

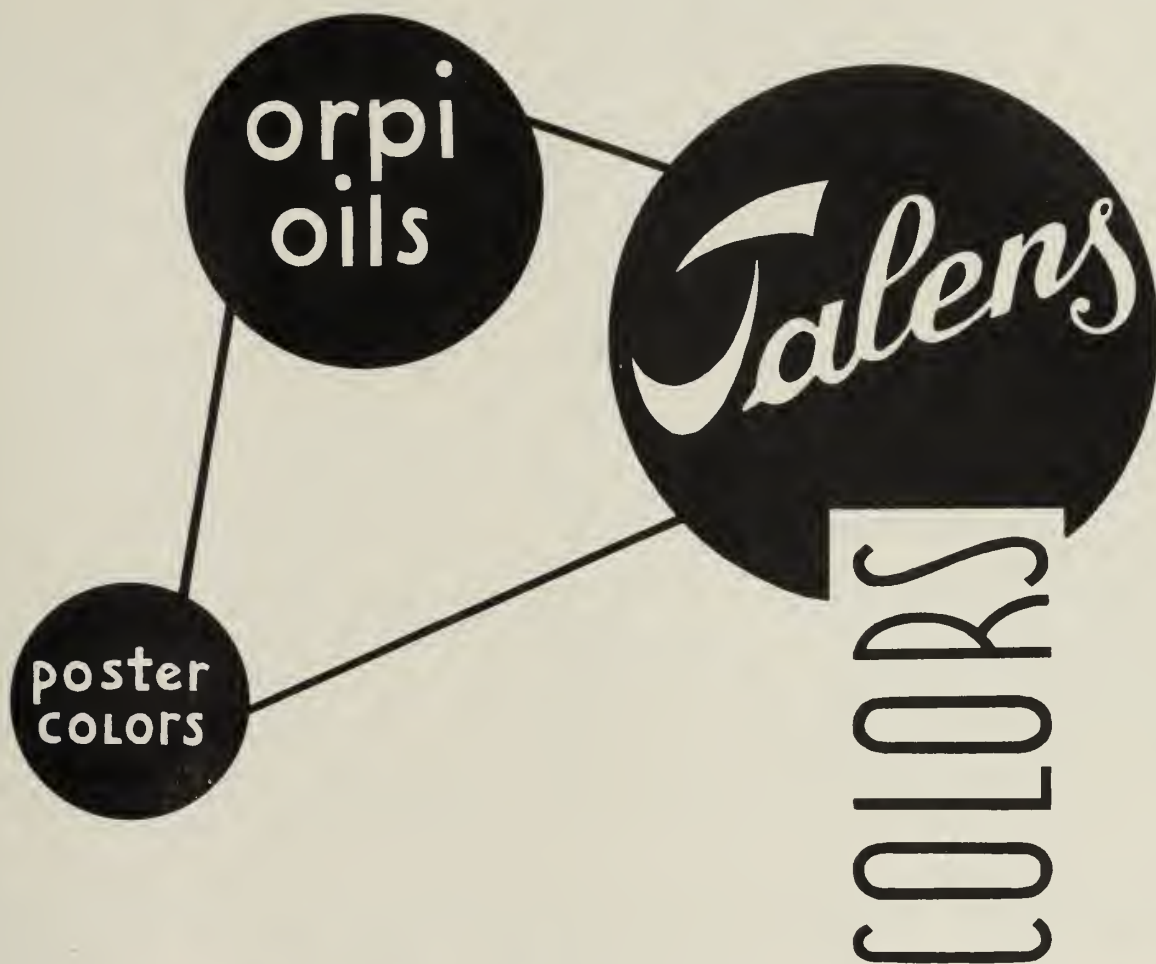
Rigmor Erikson, Editor-in-Chief

Irene Garlitz, Art Editor

Eleanor Hersey, Literary Editor

Kathleen Wainwright, Production Manager





oil AND water

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